"PEN AND PENCIL"

A Souvenir of the "Press Bazaar"

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THE PRESS BAZAAR.

Although the courtyard and the approaches of the Hotel Cecil did not present the same remarkable spectacle yesterday afternoon at the opening of the Bazaar as on the first day, and although it was a comparatively easy matter to buy one's ticket and walk in, the attendance was of that persistent and steady kind which shows a very gratifying turnstile result at the end of the day. Everywhere and at every stall there was the same energy in selling; the stallholders were apparently all well satisfied, and more than satisfied, with the results of the first day's work. It would be invidious and unfair to compare the takings of the stalls one with another; all the sellers were thankful for what they did take during the day, whether it was a total of £100 or of £500. The gross amount, when it comes to be added up, will be a sum that will delight the hearts of all who are interested in the London Hospital. Of that there can be no doubt. The success of the Bazaar was never in doubt for a moment after the opening of the doors, but very few thought that success would come on such a tremendous scale. The variety of the wares; the novelty of the *Press Bazaar News*, "the dearest little paper in the world," which lasted two days only and ran clean out of print each day; the dramatic entertainments with their long lists of well-known performers; the Bazaar Book; all these were features which exactly hit the tastes of London Society, which is never too exacting when bent on charity, but likes and appreciates new things well done. The Press Bazaar was, in fact, in many respects a new thing, and it was well done. At the London Hospital stall, which was, so to speak, the heart of the Bazaar.

PUTTING ON THE "SCREW": SHOWING HOW CERTAIN JOURNALS, ASSISTED BY A PRINCESS AND OTHERS, HAVE BEEN ENABLED BY THE MEANS OF A PRESS TO SQUEEZE THE PUBLIC TO ADVANTAGE.

THE SOUDAN CAMPAIGN.

A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.

(THROUGH REUTER'S AGENCY.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—The *Temps*, speaking of the remission of the grant in aid made to Egypt by Great Britain, says that British policy plays in Africa a game of which the stakes are so high that the gift of 20,000,000f. to Egypt is one of those acts of disinterestedness which bring in a large return.

THE NIGER CONVENTION.

GERMAN PROTEST.

(THROUGH REUTER'S AGENCY.)

DANTSIC, Wednesday.—At a general meeting of the German Colonial Association a resolution was adopted to protest against the violation of German rights by Great Britain in the Anglo-French West African Convention just concluded.

TURKEY AND THE POWERS.

THREATENED EMBARGO ON THE GREEK WAR INDEMNITY.

(THROUGH REUTER'S AGENCY.)

CONSTANTINOPLE, Wednesday.—The French Embassy has addressed a Note to the Porte intimating that unless the settlement of the claims of French subjects for losses suffered during the plundering which accompanied the massacres of Armenians in Constantinople and Anatolia be concluded before the 10th prox., the date for the payment to Turkey of the last instalment of the Greek war indemnity, the French Government will place an embargo on that instalment. On the same day the Italian Embassy made a verbal declaration to the Porte, demanding the settlement of the Italian demands.

The matter is now before the Council of Ministers, and it is believed that the Porte will propose a Commission to investigate the various claims. It is, however, doubtful whether the two Embassies would agree to such a Commission, as it would mean the indefinite postponement of a settlement.

The French claims amount to 1,050 000f., and those of Italy to 400,000f. Hitherto the Porte has always refused to recognise them, and even repudiates all responsibility. The action now taken by France will, however, force a settlement in one way or another.

To-day's meeting of the diplomatic representatives

THE NEW ITALIAN CABINET.

LIST OF MINISTERS.

(THROUGH REUTER'S AGENCY.)

ROME, Wednesday.—The Italian Ministry has now been finally constituted as follows:—

General Pelloux	Premier and Minister of the Interior
Admiral Canevaro ...	Foreign Affairs
Signor Finocchiaro-Aprile	Justice
Signor Carcano	Finance
Signor Vacchelli (Senator)	Treasury
General di San Marzano...	War
Admiral Palumbo... ...	Marine
Signor Baccelli	Instruction
Signor Lacava	Public Works
Signor Fortis	Agriculture
Signor Nunzio-Nasi ...	Posts and Telegraphs

The new Ministers, of whom Signori Finocchiaro, Carcano, Lacava, Fortis, Nunzio-Nasi, and Admiral Palumbo are members of the Chamber of Deputies, will take the oaths of office to the King at 9.30 to-morrow morning.

THE ANGLO-SAXON ALLIANCE.

A LITTLE HITCH.

(THROUGH REUTER'S AGENCY.)

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—The action of the Appropriations Committee of the Senate in striking out of the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill an appropriation of 50,000 dollars for the expenses of the Joint Commission which, it is proposed, shall sit at Quebec with a view to arriving at a settlement of all outstanding questions between Canada and the United States, is causing President McKinley deep concern. In arranging for the appointment of such a Commission the President was clearly acting within his constitutional powers, and the action of the Senate Committee has come as a great surprise, indicating, as it appears to do, a desire to interfere with the free exercise of the President's treaty-framing function under the constitution. The members of the Administration do not believe that the Senate will endorse the Committee's decision when attention is drawn to the matter, for it must place the department of State in a mortifying position, especially as Great Britain has approved the plan, and it is understood that the Commission is to meet late in July.

DEATH OF A BRITISH OFFICER IN ASHANTI.—Major Young, of the 2nd Battalion, West India Regiment, died of fever at Kumasi on the 27th inst. —*Reuter.*

Elsie Anderson

from

S. J. & M. Whittington

June — 1898.

"Pen and Pencil"

A Souvenir of the "Press Bazaar"

Compiled and arranged by the Proprietors of "Punch," the "Daily Graphic," and the "Daily Chronicle"

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE LONDON HOSPITAL

June 28–29, 1898

UPR

THE Compilers of this Album are greatly indebted to all the Artists and Authors whose names appear therein, and to the following firms, who have rendered their services gratuitously for the benefit of the London Hospital.

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REQUIESCAT.

From the picture in the Sydney National Gallery.

BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.

FIGURE FROM "PHYLLIS IS MY ONLY JOY."

AN EASTER 'OLIDAY.

ARKOURT and HARTHUR (*singing*): "La-a-zily—La-a-zily. Drow-ow-owsily—Drow-ow-owsily."

SIR JOHN TENNIEL.

A VOCATION MISSED.

MR. BROWN: "Look here, Maria; look at the young lady's light touch."
MRS. B.: "Eh! what a hand for pastry!"

ARTHUR HOPKINS.

"Life is Love the poets tell us
In the little books they sell us:
But pray, Madam, what's of Life the use
If Life be Love? For Love's the Deuce."

Anthony Hope

August 1875

Sketch for The Widower
by Luke Fildes.

ILLUSTRATION TO LAVINIA.

"The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine."

Yours very truly

G. A. Storey

Blest in death & life beyond man's guessing
Little children live & die, possest
Still of grace that keeps them past expressing
Blest.

Each least chirp that rings from every nest,
Each least touch of flower-soft fingers pressing
Aught that yearns & trembles to be prest,

Each least glance gives gifts of grace, redressing
Grief's worst wrongs: each mother's nurturing breast
Feeds a flower of bliss, beyond all blessing
Blest.

A. Swinburne

"Poor little feller. Are yer lost?"

"No. boo-hoo! I lost my muvver is"

PHIL MAY.

BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK.

MRS. ALMA TADEMA.

God of our Fathers known of old—
Lord of our farflung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet—
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

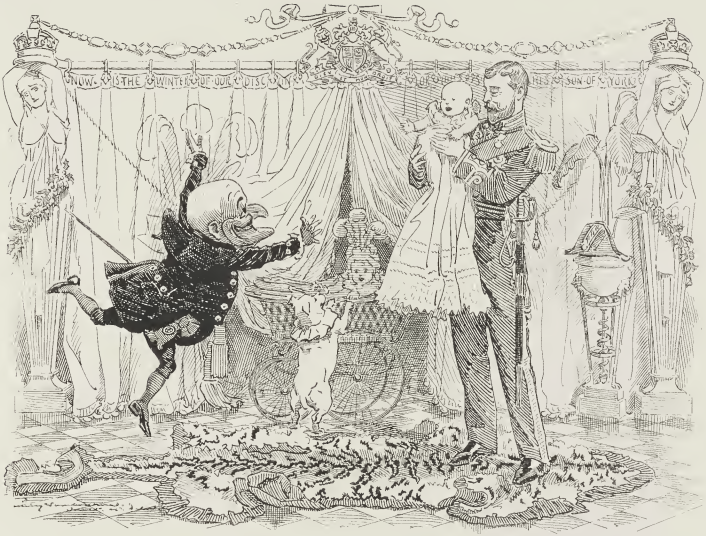
Rudyard Kipling

May. 98

THE TWINS.

La vérité est en
marche et rien ne l'arrêtera.

Emile Zola



THE NEW ARRIVAL.

LINLEY SAMBOURNE.

HAPPY WARRIOR.

G. F. WATTS, R.A.

Valentine led him into the room where the dead

girl lay.

"See", she whispered. "This is the beautiful face she

was meant to have. You can discern it now though the cheek is

so thin. Did you think our poor Lotty could ever have been

half so pretty? Her face was in childhood spoiled by

cruelty and neglect and squalor, not by any sin of

her own. Poor child! Since she ceased to work she

has grown daily more beautiful — and now she is dead.

Are we then better than wonderful be? We have been

Christians for nearly two thousand years

and we can say still that the best thing for

thousands among us is to die."

From "Children of Gibeon"

Walter Besant

May 24: 1898.

A BONE(Y) FIDE OFFER.

"Now you shall 'ave 'im for twenty-five shillings, with a bob back for luck; and, look 'ere—I'll warrant 'im sound."

G. H. JALLAND.

"Papa sent you that sixpence, and he wants to know why you never play more than one tune!"
"'Cos people never want no more'n one, Missie!"

SYDNEY HARVEY.

From "The Light of the World" p 186.

"Each tender deed & care,
Each word, thought, sacrifice, that helps the world
By loving kindness, use, and charity;
Nay, "even one cup of water" - so He said,
Given in My Name - bring glimpse of God, & lead
Nearer a hairer to the Law of Love
which shall be justified, when all is known,
And the Eternal Wisdom whispers low
Its secret to the Soul, well-pleased to learn.
Death was deep-friendly, & the Coils of Life
Full-fruitful for all Living things; and pain
Seed of sweet pleasure; & our worst of woes
So like the foolish anguish of the Babe
At which the Mother, loving most, laughs most.

Edwin Arnold

Kingsweir Devon
May 26. 1890.

BIRCH TREES. CHESHOLM PASS.

James MacWhirter

"OUR BIRTH IS BUT A SLEEP AND A FORGETTING."—*Wordsworth.*

Jno Faithfull
Ralph Peacock

God! what compassion must
be Thine, when even we brutes
feel pity!

Maarten Maartens.

May 20th 1898.

FRIENDS.

LEWIS BAUMER.

A STUDY.

L. RAVEN HILL.

A Parable

The Cheese-mites asked how the Cheese got there
And warmly debated the matter
The Orthodox said that it came from the air,
And the Heretics held from the platter.
They argued it long and they argued it strong
And no doubt they are arguing now;
But of all the choice spirits who lived in the cheese
Not one of them thought of a cow

A Conan Doyle.
May 23/98

KATHARINA AND PETRUCHIO.

To Miss Faithfully
Robert J. Sheppard

Wherein I take my daily bread,
well happed, well housed & harboured
Let me remember this, & Heaven,
That all my worldly good is given,
And nothing shall to me remain
At last but what was given again.

J. Fleetwood

WILD FLOWERS.

W. OWEN.

THE BAITERS.

COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.

25, GROSVENOR PLACE, S.W.

Sayings from Amiel's Journal

We may make the ideal a reason for contempt; but it is more beautiful to make it a reason for tenderness.

"We only know well what we have first believed, then judged. To understand we must be free, yet must have been always free. Sympathy is a first condition of criticism; reason & justice presuppose a fore-going emotion. He who is still under the spell, and he who has never felt the spell are equally incompetent."

(Amiel)

Mary A. Ward

ROMEO AND JULIET.

VERARD HOPKINS.

THE BOLD BARON DE B.-W.

W. F. THOMAS.

'O, Love's but a dance
Where Time plays the fiddle
See the couples advance, –
O, Love's but a dance!
A whisper, a glance, –
"Shall we twirl down the middle?"
O, Love's but a dance
Where Time plays the fiddle.'

Austin Dobson

28.V.98

THE OX-EYED MARGIN OF THE STREAM.

faithfully yours
Julius Stewart

Je voudrais volontiers donner diplomatie expl.
d'une pièce à la Chambre d'Edit, lecture à
maniere de spectacle, accessoires empruntés pour
la soirée, accompagnée de musique de scène.
Peut-être le monde n'en voudrait-il pas plus
mal. Je m'imagine un Richelieu-Lessing traitant
la question d'Allemagne dans un Mystère:
Hamlet et Atalante succédant tour à tour à
de vieux auteurs – un Chœur de Grands
personnages allégoriques et symboliques – un
épisode de Mythologie, la Révélation d'un
Dieu Étranger intervenant: la Paix et l'Europe
en Cadeau de Noces! Jules Claretie
26 Mai

A PORTRAIT.

yours sincerely
Ethel Reed

WAITING FOR A PARTNER.

BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

The Fight With Evil

O youth of the world, come again
And exchange our sluggish sigh
For the rage of a wild white mane
That pants & tugs at its chain
And leaps at the throat of the sky.

I Zangwill

LIMBURG.

S. J. HODSON, R.W.S.

SHELLEY.

University College, Oxford.

E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.

"The stereotyped phrase about parents living again in their children became to me a reality, the source of deep content. So does a man repeat the experience of the race; and, with each step onward, dive into the memory of some old words that he has but idly echoed." — The Whirlpool.

George Gissing.

A THISTLE.

MISS ANNA ALMA TADEMA.

Le plus heureux des
hommes est celui qui
connaît le mieux son
bonheur ; et celui qui
le connaît le mieux est
celui qui sait le plus
profondément que le
bonheur n'est séparé de
la douleur que par une
idée haute, inséparable,
humaine et généreuse.

M. Maeterlinck

"EARLY VICTORIAN."

GORDON BROWNE.

NEATLY DONE!

A. C. CORBOULD.

A Prehistoric Humorist!

EDWARD T. REED.

7, Norham Gardens,
Oxford.
23 May 98

No language without reason,
No reason without language!

F. Max Müller

WILD FLOWERS AND GARDEN ROSES.

Yours truly
William Ramey

The boy lifted his glance to where the sunlight and leaf shadows were playing on his guardian's face. He smiled answered with a warm smile, saying

"My boy, God is a very practical God — no, you need not write it, just listen a moment. Yes, and so when He gave us natures like His, He gave men not wives only, but brethren and sisters and companions and strangers, in order that benevolence, yes, and even self sacrifice, — mistakenly so called, — might have no lack of direction and occupation, and then bound the whole human family together by putting every one's happiness into some other one's hands. I see you do not understand never mind, it will come to you little by little. It was a long time coming to me. Let us go in to supper."

G. W. Cable

133 Gloucester Road, S.W.
London, May 98

Attendant (enquiringly) "Soap?"

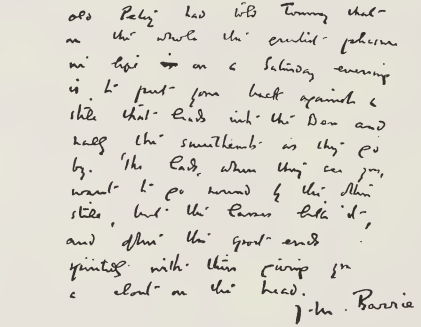
T. WILKINSON.

"All on a wild March morning"

faithfully yours
Chas. E. Brock

A STUDY.

Yours Faithfully
Arthur Hacker



NOT LIKELY.

DONALD: "Are ye ill, Mac?"
MAC: "Ill! Dae ye think I'd dae this for fun?"

JAMES GREIG.

AN AWKWARD CUSTOMER.

R. J. RICHARDSON.

à vendre aux :

on a sultry after dinner as the sun
Set o'er the town
all the countless towers took blazing
in his Solemn fiery Zone
I leant I idly at my window, it was
many stories high
And I watched the cloudy veil
Splendidly across the topaz of
Tranquil blood I at my window,
Round about Geraniums grew

Growing rare like little censers for
the rays came streaming thro
Halbs & leaves, They gilt the perfume
that made the air to sweet
Rose a mystic voicefull murmur from
the city at my feet
as
~~And~~ I leant across my casement,
And it rounded like a chapel
and the rays came pouring thro & thro
Each ardent quivering plane
and then mine, what painted windows
Shone more crimson in the light?
Then thought I, of this my chapel I
am Priest and Hierophant
And I watched the changing heaven
till they deepened into night.

Anne Thackeray Ritchie.
1898.

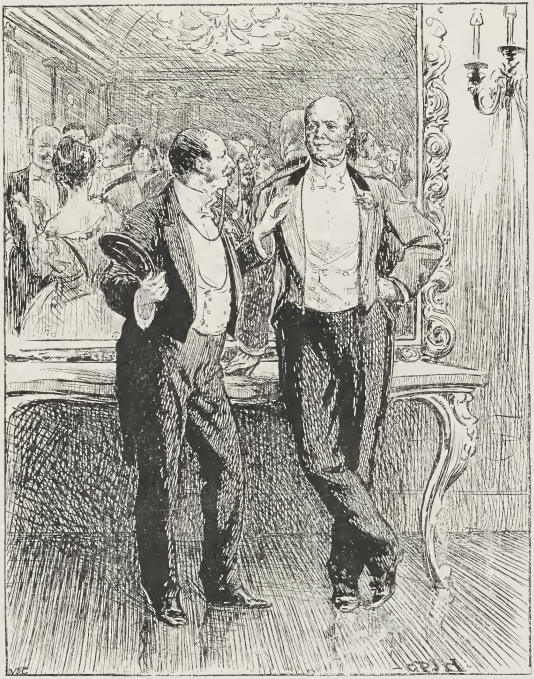
REST.

MADAME RONNER.

From "Evelyn Innes"

When she (the Revd Mother) had gone Evelyn sat thinking, her head leaned on her hand, her eyes fixed on the distant garden, seeing life from afar, strange and distant, like reflections in still waters. She could see distant figures in St Peters and walk tendrils the crosses on the statues of the Virgin placed in nooks, or hanging on the branches. Some four or five nuns were playing at ball on the terrace, and in the plaintive autumn afternoon there was something extraordinarily touching in their simple amusement and she had perforce to feel how much wiser was their childishness than the vanity of the world.

George Moore



OUR PARENTS.

His Lordship: "Devilish fine woman that you were dancing with, Bellamy! Who is she?"
Bellamy: "My youngest daughter!"

G. P. JACOMB HOOD.

A FASHIONABLE BAZAAR IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

C. HARRISON.

For the London Hospital
Bazaar. 1898.

—

The Guardians refused
a pension to Homer, for
fear that all blind men
would be asking for one.
Our kind, our enthusiastic,
our open-handed acts should
be individual, impulsive,
sudden. When we begin to
look ahead, and ask
ourselves the consequences
of a good deed, our little
frightened spirit of charity
flies out of window.

Edmund Gosse

A SKETCH.

WILLIAM SMALL.

Early thoughts

Oh treasure the thoughts of your early years,
Treasure them as they flow,
For all unmarked in their thoughts appears
The path where you soon must go.

Full many a dream will wither away
And Spring tide hues are brief,
But the lines are there of the autumn day
Like the skeleton in the leaf

The husbandman knows not the worth of his seed
Until the flowers Spring
And only in age can be rightly read
The thoughts that we thought when young.

Willie Leech

WHICH IS THE WINNER?

G. D. ARMOUR.

H. M. BROCK.

LONDON HOUSE,
32, S. JAMES' SQUARE,
S.W.

No one understands the meaning
of life till he has suffered pain
and sickness. The proof that he
has learned his lesson is a desire
to make it easier for others to
learn it.

M. London.

Sir Tiercel Peregrine having decided to stand for his division of Birdshire, the Lady Falconida Peregrine does some canvassing. She visits the Rookeries and shows great interest in the little rooks.

Yours faithfully
Harrison Gould

A NOCTURNE.

Jones in Wagner-land.

E. J. WHEELER.

There is something in ye nature of all Res which makes perfection appear insipid. It is irritating to find in anything no margin for error. In proportion as we eliminate y^e "personal equation", in that proportion we are face to face with mere mechanism. Men make mistakes is ye characteristic of ye Low man - You may find a million knaves who in ye course of their lives were never known to be wrong in adding up miles of figures. They are worth so many pounds a year to any haberdasher in ye New Cut. That's all they are fit for. —

Fridola. p. 124. - A book strongly recommended by

Augustus Jessopp

[Author of ye Volume aforenamed.]

AN EGYPTIAN LANCER.

REGINALD CLEAVER.

— any one of these holds in his hand the seed of immortality. But it is not only the leaders who have it. The poet who writes, & the singers who sings the words the soldiers hear as they march by; the beggar who sits starving in his garret, all the while creating that for which the whole world will rejoice, though he dies or goes into the crowd not knowing, letting others get the reward of his work; the martyr who keeps his lips shut & will not cry out lest others sh^d lose heart; all these two— these are the ~~worthy~~ masters."

Lucy Clifford

"Anne Lorraine's of a Lonely Woman"

A CONNEMARA HILLSIDE.

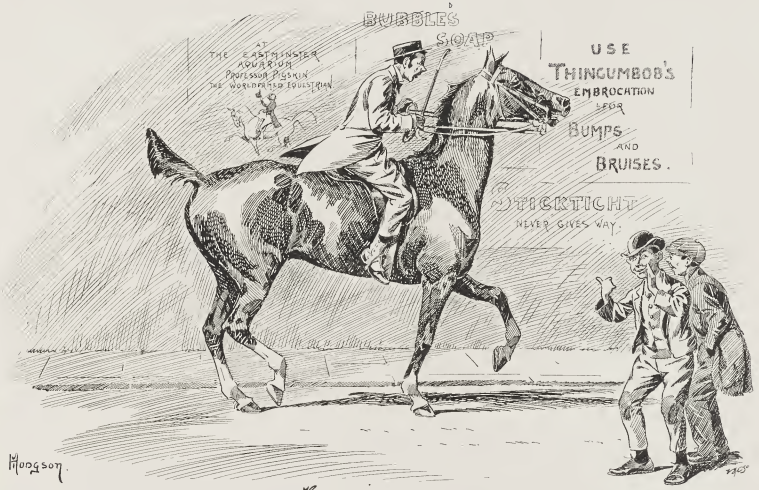
Yours truly
Emma A Watson

From

"Is Life Worth Living?"

Is Life worth living? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right,
Hail! The deed against the strong,
Or tyranny to fight;
Long as there lingers gloom to chase,
Or streaming tear to dry,
One Hundred woe, one sorrowing face
That smiles as it said nigh:
Long as at sound of anguish swells
The heart, & bid soon cease,
And at the sound of Christmas bells
Be pardon & forget:
So long as Faith with Freedom reigns
And loyal Hope survives,
And gracious Charity remains
To cheer us lowly lives;
While there is one rich-hidden tract
For Intellect to Wield,
And men are free & Mind & Act,
Life is worth living still.

M Forde Hutchison.



Reassuring.

"Jim wuz he ha' to be picked up or took to the 'ospital another?"

W. J. HODGSON.

THE CROW BOY.

I am yrs very Truly
Eyre Crowe.

Iceland had a glorious dawn,
and has lain in twilight ever since.
It is scarcely possible that she
should again be called upon to
play a part in European history.
But the brightness of that dawn
can never fade entirely from her
hills, nor cease to illumine the
humble lives of her people

James Bryce

AN OLD LOVE STORY.

FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

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SAMSON.

SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, R.A.

Sleep we must, but when to slumber?
Every hour's too fair to lose it;
Morn of gold & eve of umber,
Silver night — Ah, who would choose it?
Honey's hid in every flow'r,
Joy in every sweet, sweet hour.

Sleep we shall, but first be weary,
Dance with hours of morning gladness,
Pillage noon, nor elude the dreary
Hours that win delightful madness.
Round the Earth, that's with us racing,
Sun & moon & meteors chasing,
Worn with journeys, white with dust,
Then we'll sleep — for sleep we must.

Margaret L. Woods.

May 1898

Song from 'Wild Justice.

LITERARY STUDY.

An Editor in the "Throws" of Composition.

J. P. ATKINSON.

Brougham House,
Malvern.

The Unendeavorable Word.

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Master-Knot of Human Fate.

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see;
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was — and then no more of Thee and Me.

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs
revealed
And hidden by the sleeping Night and Morn.

E. Lytton Lytton.

THE LINEN GATHERERS.

VAL PRINSEP.

"Look in mine eyes with your sweet eyes intently."

GEORGE STAMPA.

Ma phrase, bien ou mal, dit toujours quelque chose.

François Coppée

Rien n'est meilleur au monde que la bonté.

Jules Lemaître

RECENT BRIDE: "Yes, my dear, I am very happy; though I'm rather afraid my husband has a temper."
CONSOLING FRIEND: "Well, that doesn't matter, dear, so long as he keeps it. Now, my husband is always losing his."

J. LEIGHTON.

28. Caesar, 110.
[Trajan]

20. May, 1898.
[Christopher Columbus died 1506]

On this day, when the current Calendars record the mighty seaman who found America, when the new Calendar recalls the memory of Trajan, noblest of ancient rulers, the civilized world is thinking of that great Englishman who passed to his rest but a few hours ago on the festival observed in Christian Churches as Ascension Day.

Let us plead for a work of Mercy, whilst our thoughts dwell on one who, like Trajan, was a beloved King of men, and, like Columbus, was always seeking a new and greater world across the ocean of the unknown.

Frederic Harrison

A STUDY.

CHEVALIER DE MARTINO.

A MATABELELAND SCOUT.

FRANK DADD, R.I.

May 24th 1898

BOX HILL,
DORKING.

The London Hospital

Consider the young,
succour the weak.
That is Religious
maxim for strength
that has a conscience.

George Smith.

IMPUDENCE.

GORDON BROWNE

R. L. S.

We spoke of a dream on a rainy night of the
North. But He
Is from the hunter of the East, and the
racing Sounds of the West.
Sleeps, and the slumber is lulled by the
infinite surge of the sea.
Weary and well content, on his grave on
the Vaea crest.
Winds of the East and the West in the rainy
spasm blow,
Heavy with perfume, and all his fragrant woods
Winds of the west and the East as they wander are wet.
Bear him the love of the lands he loved and the
Andrew Lang. long regret.

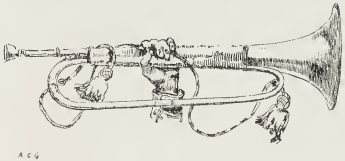
THE HOLY MOTHER.

F. GOODALL, R.A.

Jamaica Plain, Mass
25/5/98

What have I done for you
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England my own?
With your glorious eyes austere
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible words & dear
As the sons of your mighty blood,
England—
Round the world are your mighty blood

W. E. Henley



Yours very truly
Charles A. Gow

STUDIES

THE FRONT OPPOSITION BENCH.

Mr. Chamberlain "up."

G. R. HALKETT.

UDC

'The tragic commonplaces of the grave
sound a fuller note, as we mourn
for one of the greater among the
servants of mankind.'

May 1873, and May 1896.

J. Ellis Mastbaum.

ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE.

A. S. BOYD.

DOCTOR: "I think you ought to have her taken to the hospital."

PATIENT: "Oh yes, mother, do let's go to 'orspital. The 'olidays is near over now, and we 'aven't been nowheres yet."

The richest City in the
World should find no difficulty
in providing whatever funds are
required to support a hospital
devoted to the service of
its poorer citizens.

Arthur James Balfour
25.5.98